

Sunday.

Dear Mr West.

It is some days
since I heard of your
sorrow, but knew you had
all you could attend to, so
thought a letter a little
later on would be better. To
say I sympathize with you
is but little, but all the kind
and loving thoughts and deeds
we receive at such a time
seem to help a trifle. I have
been through the ordeal just
as you have, and there seems
to be nothing to do but say

They will be done. What is our loss is
their gain and it sometimes seems
as though it is rather a grand rest,
for life is sort of a rough struggle at
rest, but we are so constructed we
can rise above our trials, and fancy
all seasons have their beauties.

Sometimes I think of what you
used to tell me - "Life is just what you
make it", and if it were just what
I made it, myself, it might be a
tiresome one, but it is always someone
else who causes my wealth of woe.
So it is with all I fancy, as it is
sympathy for others that draws
out the good in us. You never gave
me credit for much feeling, but
you were altogether wrong, as I
always argued, but of no avail.
However, I have found it is a good
and wise plan to reason out all ones
difficulties, and seemingly troubles.
Now this is a bright sunny Sunday,
and something to be thankful for,
I sincerely hope you and Grace also
Philip are well.

Sincerely
Catherine McLaughlin